October 4, 2019

Season 1

[This episode begins with Tom in Melissa’s office. Tom looks incredibly nervous, while Melissa looks over a large piece of paper.]

Melissa: I dunno Mr. Tom, it looks really close.

Tom: C’mon, I’ve gotta make Santa’s nice list. Are you sure that’s his most recent report?

Melissa: Of course! What do you take this town hall for?

Tom: But all of that time I spent building toys with that junkyard kid—

Melissa: He has a name, you know. And you were only there because you destroyed someone’s toy. Someone’s FAVORITE toy, by the way.

Tom: Haven’t I proven that I’m sorry?

Melissa: Like I said. It’s close. Just one more good deed and I think you’re a shoe in. You could join the Santa’s Helper program. Just get someone a gift on Santa’s behalf and that’s plenty of points for the nice list.

Tom: Do I really have to?

[Melissa looks annoyed.]

Tom: I m-mean. I wanna be absolutely certain that I’m on the nice list BEFORE Miracle Day, you know? Help my heart sit quietly. It’s only a week away after all.

Melissa: Well, I’m not supposed to do this, but you could do something for me. It’d imagine that that wouldn’t take you very long at all.

Tom: Sure, anything!

Melissa: I’ve been wanting to get Talula a Miracle Day gift. I saw these cool new shoes at Gimme’s and I had a feelin’ that she’d really like them.

Tom: Did you say Gimmie’s?

Melissa: Yes, is that a problem?

[Cut to Tom at Gimmie’s, and Gimmie has a soda tab weapon aimed at Tom.]

Gimmie: You’s after Gimmie’s Choco Rocko bars! I says no more!

Tom: N-no, I’m here just to buy something, honest.

Gimmie: Why should I trust a meanie stealer-pants like yous!

Tom: C’mon, just lemme buy those shoes over there.

Gimmie: Ah, you likes Gimmie’s shoes?

Tom: Yeah. But if you’re gonna stick me up like this, I’m just gonna shop somewhere else.

Gimmie: No can do, if you wants Gimmie’s shoes. Gimmie makes them himself!

Tom: Of course you do.

[Camera pans back to show that, despite the mess of long hoodies and hats covering Gimmie, his shoes are rather pristine.]

Gimmie: Gotsta have nice shoes.

Tom: Y-yeah, I get the value of shoes.

Gimmie: But you don’t get the value of CHOCOLATE.

Tom: I told you, I’m sorry.

Gimmie: You wants Gimmie’s shoes? You must understand the value of chocolate.

Tom: I… understand the value of chocolate.

Gimmie: LIES!

[Gimmie shoots a soda can at the back wall, past Riley.]

Riley: Hey, I’m trying to browse over here.

Tom: O-okay, how do I “understand the value of chocolate”?

Gimmie: You know ponygirl?

Tom: Ponygirl?

Gimmie: Gimmie heard words. He heard words you see. Actually, no, you hears words. Gimmie hears. Gimmie hears EVERYTHING.

[Tom looks to the left for a moment.]

Tom: I’m sure you do.

[Gimmie looks to Tom, and gets close.]

Gimmie: Gimmie hears that ponygirl has super special CHOCOLATE, chocolate from BELCHUM. Gimmie wants, and Gimmie Gimme ALWAYS gets.

Tom: Okay then…

Gimmie: You wants Gimmie’s shoes, you goes gets ponygirl’s chocolate.

Tom: Just one question—

Gimmie: Yes?

Tom: Who is the ponygirl?

[Cut to Tom hanging upside down from a tree like a pinata, getting hit with a snow shovel by Sally.]

Sally: No one takes my chocolate!

[Tom gets hit and chocolate coins fall down into the snow below. She scoops them all up like Gollum, and holds them close to herself.]

Tom: I uh… didn’t know that they were yours.

Sally: They were in MY ROOM.

Tom: Oh that was your room. I must say you have surprisingly good taste.

Sally: Thanks. Hey wait a minute— you know I still have this shovel, right?

Tom: Sorry.

Sally: Just stay away from my Belchian chocolate, or any of my other chocolate for that matter.

Tom: Uh… how about a trade?

Sally: Trade, huh?

Tom: I got plenty of Ginomon cards.

Sally: Oh no, I’m not trading chocolate this good for money. If you want my chocolate, you’re gonna need to get me something extra special.

Tom: Of course I do. What do you want?

Sally: You know Zeke’s zoo, right?

[As Tom is about to speak, we see Cerra and Stella walking home dressed up as flamingos.]

Tom: I’m sure that I’ve heard of it.

Sally: Well, I hear that he’s got a chameleon costume, but no matter how many times I tell him I’m a chameleon, he keeps saying I’m an iguana! Do you know how insulting that is!?

Tom: Very, I can imagine.

Sally: If you get me that costume, I’ll give you SOME of my Belchian chocolate.

[Cut to Tom being dressed up as a poodle by Zeke.]

Tom: So, can you just let Sally wear that stupid costume.

Zeke: The last time I dressed Sally up as a chameleon she didn’t leave my zoo for a

week. I can always admire an animal lover, but she was kinda making me green as a gator with her dedication!

Tom: What harm could it do?

[Zeke starts thinking while he glues a poodle nose to Tom’s face.]

Zeke: I dunno.

Tom: C’mon, we’re all animal lovers here, aren’t we?

Zeke: Are we?

Tom: I’m dressed up like a poodle. What do you think?

Zeke: It takes more than just dressing up as an animal, old bean. If you were really an animal lover you’d do something about that wretched Pony Dealership down the road.

Tom: Pony Dealership?

Zeke: Yes, run by those blasted Kelly girls. The way they treat those ponies is horrendous. I wish that whole place crumbles, but I suppose I could be happy if even a couple of them get moved to my zoo where they’d be treated like ponies should.

[Hold on Tom’s annoyed expression. We hold on this as we transition to the pony dealership, where Tom is talking to the Kelly girls - Angelica and Peggy.]

Angelica: I’ll have you know that all of our ponies here are the happiest creatures on

earth!

[Cut to some of the ponies around looking incredibly sad and bored.]

Peggy: And I don’t know where these rumors of us painting our ponies comes from.

Tom: I never said that you painted—

[A door on the outside of the dealership opens and a bunch of paint cans pour out.]

Peggy: Don’t worry about that. It’s just a hologram. Ponies naturally come in colors like blue, green, and pink.

Tom: I don’t care. I just want to—

Angelica: Hmm… I’m beginning to think that the kids are having a harder time believing in unicorns than they used to.

Peggy: Yes, that is becoming more and more of a problem. Our stock of funnels are really piling up. Funnels? I didn’t say funnels. All of our unicorns are 100% genuine. Imported from Fireland too.

Tom: I didn’t say—

Angelica: Perhaps what we need is some kind of advertisement. Someone important to say how honorable our business is.

Tom: Sure, I’ll tell everyone that this place is on the up and up.

Peggy: But who in Summerway could possibly give us a glowing recommendation.

[Tom is clearly aware that they’re not even listening to him.]

Tom: So, in conclusion, I put a stink bomb in your toilets and they’re going to explode the next time someone flushes, so you might want to do something about that.

[Tom fades into the background.]

Angelica: I know, Harper! If she says that she loves our dealership, then Summerway will as well.

[Cut to Tom walking away, incredibly annoyed.]

Peggy: Where are you going?

Tom: Harper, Summerway news, got it.

Angelica: Good luck with your stink bomb flushes!

[Several of the onlookers take a look at Tom, clearly embarrassing him.]

Tom: I wish I did put a stink bomb in your toilet.

[Cut to Tom at Summerway studio. Harper is getting made up and getting ready to go on the air.]

Harper: I’m not giving the Kelly’s pony dealership a recommendation.

Tom: Please. It’s one little thing.

Harper: Uh no, it’s not. Every little thing I endorse affects my reputation. I’ve been to that place, and I still can’t use the pants I sat down on that pony with. Can’t even wait for the stuff to dry.

Tom: Then forget Melissa’s little good deed. This is baloney, I’m going home.

Harper: Wait, did you say Melissa?

Tom: Yeah, she said that I had to do just one good deed if I wanted to get on Santa’s list.

Harper: Then if I were you, I’d really take it seriously. You know she has a direct line to Santa, right? If you don’t do this, it could affect which list you are on for YEARS to come.

[Immediately Tom panics.]

Tom: Then what am I gonna do? I need you to endorse this pony dealership.

[Harper thinks for a moment.]

Harper: Alright… I might be able to say something a teensy tiny itty bitty positive thing about that dealership.

Tom: Thank you so much—

Harper: But you gotta do something for me.

Tom: Always a but… always a but.

Harper: C’mon, it’s a good deed. And how much effort could one good deed really take?

Tom: You’d be surprised.

Harper: Well, this shouldn’t be too much trouble. I’ve been working so much I haven’t been able to buy my camerakid Stuart a present, and I don’t even know what to get him.

Tom: I thought you implied this was simple.

Harper: Oh it is. He spends a lot of time at Mermaid Makeovers. I’m sure that his stylist, Lulu, would know exactly what he wants.

Tom: Stuart has a stylist?

Harper: Yes. Is there a problem with that?

Tom: Nope, just making sure.

[Cut to Tom walking up to the salon, as it starts to snow. Tom looks up at it.]

Tom: Well… this is the place.

[Tom opens the door, and a bell rings. A hairdresser - a girl with long green hair and purple highlights filled with all kinds of crazy decorations notices him enter.]

Comet: Hello there, dearie. Are you lost?

Tom: Is this Mermaid Makeovers?

Comet: Ah perfect, a new customer!

Tom: Wait, I’m not a—

[Comet grabs Tom by the wrist and starts pulling him along.]

Comet: Oh please, there’s nothing to be nervous about, you’re going to look fabulous, I guarantee it.

[Comet passes by another stylist, Lulu]

Comet: Write him up for the works.

Lulu: Aye-aye, captain!

Tom: Wait, I didn’t ask for the works!

[Comet looks directly at Tom.]

Comet: No, but you clearly need it, honey. Poodle is so last season. Prepare to be transformed!

[Tom gulps.]

[Cut to COmet’s personal styling room. On her table there is a wide assortment of tools - from typical barber fare to kitchen utensils like egg beaters to hammers and screwdrivers. Tom is in his chair, while Comet goes at it. Comet blows a bubble. Tom is in the middle of getting a ridiculous up-do.]

Tom: Do you have to chew gum while you do my hair?

Comet: What is with you and all of these questions? The gum lets me think, okay? As long as you don’t move, you don’t got anything to worry about so I’d suggest you stay still.

Tom: Uh… I don’t know—

Comet: You have no reason to worry. It’s been almost two whole weeks since the last time I got gum in someone’s hair. By accident, anyway.

Tom: Wait, what!?

Comet: Shut your face and let me make it beautiful. We’ve still got a lot of work to do, and I think we can start with some hair dye. Green is SO in right now.

Tom: I don’t want my hair dyed!

Comet: Well yes, but I’m the artist and you’re not. There’s a reason people come to ME for fashion advice, and not you. You want to be Miracle Day ready, don’t you?

[This almost offends Tom.]

Tom: As a matter of fact, I do.

Comet: That’s why I’m prescribing a TOTAL makeover.

Tom: I don’t really need that.

Comet: Who’s the expert here?

Tom: I really have no clue, Lulu.

Comet: Lulu?

Tom: You… are Lulu, right?

Comet: No, Lulu is one of my associates. She wrote you up, remember?

Tom: Well, she’s the one that I wanted to see.

Comet: As much as I admire her talent, I do have to say this challenge is completely out of her league.

Tom: I didn’t come here looking for a makeover!

Comet: Honey, with how you looked before, you were going through life looking for a makeover.

[Cut to Tom talking to Lulu. Lulu is laughing.]

Lulu: Sorry about that. Comet gets a little overzealous when she sees… a new canvas.

Tom: Well, how long will it take for this stuff to come out.

Lulu: I could take care of that for you, if you wanted.

Tom: No, no more makeovers for today. I’m just trying to figure out what Stuart wants for Miracle Day.

Lulu: Oh, Stuart! Are you a friend of his?

Tom: Not exactly. Harper enlisted me on this.

Lulu: Oh did she now? I suppose that is like her. Always looking at her camera… but never looking at her camerakid.

Tom: I’m sure Harper cares more than that. After all, Harper wanted me to get Stuart the perfect present.

Lulu: Well, that’s just not possible.

Tom: Why?

Lulu: Because I already got it for him. The brand new Eternity Forever CD, signed by Radio, his favorite member.

Tom: And he listens to Eternity Forever. Of course.

Lulu: If even Harper doesn’t know about this… it must be a really big secret of his. I suppose you don’t appreciate a secret.

Tom: I appreciate good deeds. I appreciate good chocolate. And I appreciate good animals. I don’t see why I can’t appreciate secrets too.

Lulu: Oh goodie. I suppose I could Harper the CD. I’m sure I can find something else that Stuart likes.

Tom: [Under his breath] Here it comes. Here it comes…

Lulu: But…

Tom: [Under his breath.] There’s the but. You know, why don’t you just kick mine.

Lulu: What?

Tom: Chicken butt. I mean, but what?

Lulu: I’m not entirely sure that you do appreciate secrets.

Tom: Let me guess, you want to hear some of mine.

Lulu: Oh goodness no. I have a few clients who are always so nervous to come here. It drives them crazy. And here's the thing, they're all on the same football team!

Tom: Alright, so you just want me to break the ice between them or something?

Lulu: Oh no no no! You've got to get them to admit it to each other! You get them to schedule an appointment together, and I'll know that Stuart's secret and CD are safe with you.

[Cut to Tom entering Summerway stadium. There, he sees several members of the team practicing in the snow, including Shelly and the three members Lulu talked about - PJ, CJ, and TJ. Tom walks in with his ridiculous hair.]

TJ: Hold up everyone! We got someone in the field!

Footballer #1: Wow, you look absolutely ridiculous. Where'd you come from?

Tom: Oh, I was just at Mermaid Makeovers. No big deal, really.

[TJ, PJ, and CJ look around all nervously.]

Footballer #2: I heard that place is crazy.

[One footballer hits another one with a combat yoyo, basically a medieval flail.]

Tom: Hey, you gotta get a little bit crazy if you wanna get along in this town.

TJ: So uh… what brings you to the football stadium?

Tom: I was just gonna see if—

[Tom gets pelted in the back by Shelly. She rams through him and then into a concrete pillar, leaving him smooshed as she backs away.]

Shelly: Did I do it!? Did I get a touchdown!

[Shelly moves her hair out of the way, which has gotten extremely long.]

Shelly: Aw… I just crushed a peacock.

Tom: I’m notta peacock.

[Tom pulls himself off]

Tom: I just got a makeover and I thought I’d show it off. At Mermaid Makeovers!

[Tom shouts it at CJ.]

CJ: Dude, I get that they’re paying for you, but this might not be the best place to advertise. After all, we’re footballers. We don’t really need to go and see a stylist.

[Shelly crashes into a wall again.]

Footballer #3: I think that someone does.

Tom: When’s the last time she had a hair cut?

Footballer #3: There was no last time.

PJ: I heard that someone tried to make her do it once, and that’s why she ain’t allowed in Ausailia anymore.

Tom: Huh, I got an idea.

Footballer #2: I had one of those once. It was scary.

Tom: Why don’t all of the rest of you go to the salon and get your hair done.

TJ: And uh… why would we do somethin’ like that?

Tom: Well, if everyone else does it, the only person who wouldn’t would be the wuss, right?

Shelly: Where’s the kid callin’ me a wuss! I’ll show ‘em!

TJ: That uh… might work.

Tom: Yeah, it could. Just remember, you all gotta do it at the same time.

PJ: Why?

Tom: Uh… team solidarity?

CJ: Yeah, that makes a lotta sense.

Tom: Who knows, it might be good luck.

TJ: Yeah, could you imagine that? Then we'd need to do it before EVERY game.

[TJ, CJ, and PJ look at each other awkwardly. And then Shelly punts Tom again.]

Shelly: I'll show you I'm not a wuss!

Tom: Then get your haircut!

Shelly: I ain't GETTING MY HAIR CUT!

CJ: If she ain't goin', then I ain't goin'.

[Tom rolls his eyes and grunts.]

Tom: Alright, you're not a wuss. Happy?

Shelly: Nah, I gots to prove it.

Tom: Prove it? How?

[Shelly grabs Tom’s arm.]

Shelly: An arm wrestle outta do it.

Tom: Oh dear

[Tom gets thrown across the court and past the goal.]

Footballer #1: Yeah, I think that was a touchdown.

[Tom stumbles back, completely dazed as he makes it towards Shelly.]

Tom: Great! So, you’ll go get your haircut.

Shelly: Why should I have to? I WON our arm wrestle. So I don’t have to get my haircut.

Tom: That wasn’t the deal.

Shelly: Are you challenging me!?

[Shelly takes an aggressive stance… facing the completely wrong direction. Tom rolls his eyes.]

Tom: How about I do you a favor if you get your haircut.

Shelly: Hmmm… I have lost my marbles.

Tom: Clearly.

PJ: No, I think she meant her marbles.

Shelly: Yeah, that’s what I said.

[Tom looks confused.]

Tom: Okay. Uh… what do you think happened to them.

Shelly: I’m pretty sure my coworker Steve stole ‘em.

[Cut to Steve lying down next to a fence.]

Steve: Oh yeah, I got Shelly’s marbles. She asked me to hold onto them.

Tom: Great. She wants ‘em back. I’ll take them to her.

Steve: Not to say I don’t trust you, but I don’t trust you.

Tom: Great… what do you want?

Steve: Nothin’. I’m perfectly content sittin’ out here in the snow.

Tom: Come on, you gotta want something. A new coat, a warmer hat.

[Tom tries to touch Steve’s hat, but Steve grabs Tom’s arm and looks at Tom fiercely.]

Steve: Ain’t no one touches the hat.

Tom: Understood.

[Steve lets Tom go and he stumbles backwards into the snow.]

Tom: If you’re not gonna give me the marble, I’ll just take ‘em.

Steve: You’ll need to find ‘em first.

Tom: Alright, where you’d put ‘em?

Steve: In the snow.

[The camera pans back to show that the entire area is covered with an increasing amount of snow. Tom grabs a garbage can lid and repeatedly hits his head with it, bending the lid more and more.]

Steve: I don’t think that’s good fer you

[Tom walks onto screen with the garbage pail lid as a duck bill. He spits it out.]

Tom: Please! I need those marbles! Or I’m gonna lose mine!

Steve: I told you. I want nothing. Maybe if you gave me more nothing, I’d give you the marbles.

Tom: How am I supposed to give you more—

[Cut to Tom talking to Max at Lemonade Land.]

Tom: So I was going to ask you if you could give Steve some more time off during work and out of work.

Max: So, now he’s getting random kids to ask for this. If I wouldn’t do this for him, I have no idea why on Earth he thinks I’d do it for the likes of someone like you.

[Max pushes Tom backwards.]

Tom: Hey, what did I do?

Max: More like what you HAVEN’T done.

Tom: Come again?

Max: I’m waiting on my sister’s Miracle Day gift, a limited edition Chameleo action figure. It’s the last one Sally needs to complete her set of Changemorphs.

Tom: Bit late to be ordering presents, don’t you think?

Max: Yeah. It is. That’s why I ordered it THREE WEEKS AGO.

Tom: Maybe it… just got lost in the mail.

Max: Please explain to me why that would make me happier with you standing in my restaurant.

[Niall walks by.]

Niall: Especially because it’s not true.

[Tom and Max turn towards Niall.]

Niall: Haven’t you noticed? For years now, this town has had problems with late packages. It gets especially bad around Miracle Day. Town Hall says it’s just because the post office gets backed up, but those in the know know that the mail kids aren’t just sitting on the packages or losing them. They’re opening them and playing with them. With their FILTHY HANDS.

Max: That’s absolutely ridiculous, Niall.

Tom: Uh… yeah.

Max: Look, just get my sister’s toy and I’ll do whatever you want.

[Cut to Tom at the post office. In the back, a kid named Joseph is playing with Sally’s chameleon action figure.]

Tom: Hey uh… Joseph.

Joseph: Yeah, Tom, what’s up?

Tom: Don’t you think that you’ve played with that toy enough? I think we should send it on.

Joseph: Are you kidding me? I’m never gonna get a chance to play with something like this again. It’s limited edition.

Tom: Yeah, and I’m sure some kid is really expecting it.

Joseph: Phfft, since when do you care? C’mon, grab a seat. We got a ton of new packages. Can’t wait to see what’s in them.

Tom: Please, Joseph.

Joseph: No. I need to play with this. I need something to cheer me up. A kid stole my favorite toy, a Blue Rocket. Can you imagine someone just taking your favorite toy? Probably playing with it right now with their filthy unwashed hands.

Tom: Uh…. right.

Joseph: It was probably that famous cat burglar, Violet!

Tom: If it was her, you’re probably not getting it back.

Joseph: Yup. Go Chameleo! Do the thing.

[Cut to Tom on his hands and his knees.]

Tom: Please, I’m desperate!

[Reverse shot to show he’s talking to Avery.]

Avery: I don’t do business with toy killers, toy killer.

Tom: Do you really think that this thief is gonna take the best care of someone else’s favorite toy.

Avery: I aspose you gots a point. Hmmm… what would the Eagleworths do?

Tom: They’d bring the thief to justice, right?

Avery: Yeah, I guess so. I’ll help you, but—

Tom: Yeah, there it is. This whole day has been a really big but.

Avery: You gots to help me find a snow fairy.

Tom: A… snow fairy?

Avery: Ryker says that they don’t exist, and Imma show him! I’m so close to finding it. Once I find that snow fairy, I can help you catch that cat burglar.

Tom: Will you excuse me for a moment?

Avery: Sure thing.

[Tom runs to the middle of Rocky Road and screams as loud as he can. The entire ground starts to shake. Ryker walks towards his door, and Tom's scream causes an avalanche that buries Ryker. Only his blinking eye and his hands holding his mail are visible. Tom starts banging his head on anything he can find, from cars to trash cans, to a fence post.]

Freddy: Hello there, young one. You seem to be quite stressed.

[The camera reveals Freddy on his porch, by a portable heater. He's painting stained glass ornaments.]

Tom: Oh no, I'm good.

Freddy: The snow is beautiful, isn't it.

Tom: Sure thing, helps me find the snow fairies.

Freddy: Snow fairies? It's been awhile since I've made one of those.

Tom: Make one?

[Freddy raises his ornament.]

Freddy: Glassmaking is a bit of a hobby of mine. I can make all sorts of shapes and sizes. Avery seems to like what I make.

Tom: Apparently he thinks they're real and he can find them in the wild.

Freddy: Do you remember when you could live in a world of such whimsey and fantasy?

Tom: No, I can't. I'm too busy focusing on serious, real things like getting on Santa Claus's nice list and doing a good deed.

Freddy: Ah, this is a serious matter. I wish I could help you.

Tom: Wait… you can! You can make a glass snow fairy, right?

Freddy: Yes of course.

Tom: Then let's do it!

Freddy: Alas, I cannot.

Tom: Alas sounds a lot like a but to me.

[Freddy laughs.]

Freddy: I'd help you if I could, but it seems that my glassblowing gloves have ended up in the trash. I have a feeling that Melody has had something to do with that.

Tom: What, she doesn’t want you to do it?

Freddy: What? No. She loves my little glass sculptures. They were old, and I’m fairly sure I know what she’s getting me for Miracle Day. Unfortunately they’re at the dump now, and—

[Cut to Tom walking up to Riley, carrying a snowboard.]

Riley: Can I help you?

[Tom takes Riley’s snowboard from Riley.]

Tom: I’m borrowing this.

Riley: Uh….

[Tom gets on the snowboard and stands at the peak of the hill.]

Tom: Next stop, Summerway dump.

[Tom ends up slipping backwards. He wipes off of the snowboard and tumbles down the street. He decimates a snowman as he falls through it, getting the snowman’s carrot and coal face as he does so.]

Tom: Ew, coal!

[Tom tosses it and he continues to tumble and hit a bunch of everything along the way. He hits a clothes line, gets pelted with icicles and rolls underneath a wooden fence into a yard and comes to a complete stop.]

Tom: That was close… I coulda got hurt.

[Tom’s attention is turned towards growling. He looks around to see a very large animal house, with the name “Princess.” Out of it comes a very angry bear. We see much of Tom’s pummeling from the other side. Tom climbs over the fence in desperation and he ends up falling into a trash can. Riley walks up.]

Riley: Yeah, I’m taking this back, jerk.

[Riley takes the snowboard back and walks away. Soon, the garbage truck comes up and takes Tom away, down to the dump. Tom then tumbles down a garbage pile where he hits much debris on the way back. He slides to the bottom.]

Tom: You know, now that I think about it. Today stinks.

[The camera pans out to show a skunk on Tom’s head.]

Tom: Yeah, alright, I asked for this.

[Tom gets sprayed.]

[Cut to Tom stumbling through the halls of Miles’ home. In the distance, there are the glassblowing gloves on a table. Beams of light from above land on the gloves, causing them to sparkle. Tom has a tear in his eye. He walks up to them. Miles comes out of the darkness.]

Miles: What brings you here, Tom? I thought you had completed your service.

Tom: Oh, I’m just here for those gloves.

Miles: Are they yours? I didn’t know you had a penchant for glassblowing.

Tom: No, but I know who they belong to. And I need to get them to him.

Miles: And why is that?

Tom: To get back on Santa’s nice list.

Miles: Is that all you’re here for?

[Tom walks up angrily to Miles. Miles doesn’t retreat. He barely moves.]

Tom: I have been hit with shovels, beaten up, given a crazy makeover, nearly shot, torn apart by a bear, and snowboarded down a hill backwards to do Melissa’s stupid good deed!

Miles: Do you not like doing good deeds, Tom?

Tom: If it wasn’t for Santa’s list, I wouldn’t be here at all!

Miles: Goodness should be its own reward, Tom. Where do you think doing the right things for the wrong reasons is gonna get you?

Tom: I’m not here for your better-than-you hoodoo! I’m here for those gloves.

Miles: They’re not yours, I can’t let you have them.

Tom: When did I ask you for permission?

[Tom grabs the gloves. Miles just lets him take it, and doesn’t even try to fight back.]

Miles: Be good for goodness’ sake, Tom. Remember that? Do you not think that Santa takes that into account?

Tom: Blah blah blah blah blah. I’m leaving.

[Tom walks off. A rat crawls onto Miles’ hands.]

Miles: That Tom is an interesting one. I only hope he doesn’t take his wrath on those who led him here.

[We have a brief montage. Tom gives the gloves to Freddy. Freddy blows some glass and makes a snow fairy. Tom presents this to Avery. Avery agrees and they end up tracking down Violet to her hideout. She takes out the Blue Rocket.]

Violet: Yeah, I got your Blue Rocket right here.

Tom: Good. Gimmie, right now.

Violet: Haven’t you heard Gimmie Gimmie never gets?

Tom: I’ve heard something like that. And I’m done with playtime. Give me that toy, or I’ll call the scouts.

Violet: You call the scouts, and I can guarantee you'll never see me or this stupid toy again.

[Tom walks over to a couch and angrily bites down into it, tearing half of it apart.]

Violet: That was my favorite couch.

Tom: WHAT. DO. YOU. WANT!?

Violet: What do I want? Huh… no one has ever asked me that before. I guess that's why I keep stealing stuff.

Tom: I am not your therapist! I just want the toy and to go. So I ask again, WHAT DO YOU WANT!?

Violet: There really is no reason to shout.

[Tom gets angrier and angrier until it looks like he's ready to explode. Then he immediately becomes calm.]

Tom: You know what, you're right. Just tell me what you want, and I think we'll be able to make a fair trade.

Violet: Well, one thing that I think I could use is some help with the law. It's always great to have a prosecutor on your side, you see. I got caught once before, and I'd like to make sure that… even if it happens again… it won't be as bad. I've heard of a pretty good one—

[Tom looks forward, defeated. We use this as a transition to Tom entering Bunny’s office. She ends up sleeping, but as Tom enters and the smell of skunk wafts around it forces her to wake up.]

Bunny: Gah, what is that— oh, it’s you. I thought your punishment ended last week. Still haven’t gotten clean, huh?

[Bunny calms down and takes a sip of soda.]

Bunny: Or maybe you’ve found your way back.

[Tom doesn’t even talk anymore. He just emotes. He gives off a surprised expression.]

Bunny: That Miles kid is actually quite nice when you get to know him, as long as you’re more than 1,000 feet away.

[Tom stands expressionless.]

Bunny: They say long-distance relationships don’t work, but I think that in his case, they’re the only thing that does.

[There’s a beat.]

Bunny: Whiskers isn’t gonna be happy that you took gloves that don’t belong to you, Tommy.

Tom: I don’t know why I bother being surprised. Just cuff me already, everything else has already happened today.

Bunny: Oh please, I’m not having you arrested.

Tom: You’re not.

Bunny: You’re no fun in Time Out, Tom. And I think the fun is just getting started. You see, I’ve been talking with Santa.

Tom: Y-you’re lying.

Bunny: Don’t you think that Santa would need to talk to a prosecutor, Mr. Tom? I don’t see why you’re so afraid though. I worked out a deal for you!

Tom: A… deal?

Bunny: Yessiree! You get to be on the nice list this year, despite all of the things you did.

Tom: R-really.

Bunny: Yuppers! But—

Tom: I should have guessed that Santa would have the biggest but of all.

Bunny: Don’t you know it.

Tom: So, what’s the catch.

Bunny: You need to do 100 good deeds by Miracle Day next year, or you're on the naughty list forever.

Tom: I… uh…

Bunny: Oh come on, Tom. How hard is it to do a good deed?

Tom: I… uh…

Bunny: Oh, you came here for something, didn't you?

Tom: A guarantee that you'd prosecute Violet's cases in her favor.

Bunny: I think that it's worth it. Time Out doesn't stop her anyway.

[Bunny signs a piece of paper.]

Bunny: Here you go!

[Tom gives a very forced smile as he picks it up.]

Bunny: Shall we make an appointment this time next year to see how you've done?

[Tom just turns around with the same expression.]

Bunny: You're right, we'll have to make appointments more often to see how you're

doing. Merry Miracle Day!

Tom: Merry Miracle Day.

[There’s a quick montage of Violet getting Bunny’s promise. She tosses Tom the rocket toy. Tom gives the rocket toy to Joseph. Joseph gives Tom the Cameleo action figure. Tom gives it to Max. Steve hands Tom the marbles. Tom gives the marbles to Shelly. The entire football team goes to the salon. Shelly needs to be tied down in restraints as she gets her hair cut. Lulu gives Tom the C, while Tom is given another ridiculous makeover. Tom takes the CD to Harper, who gives a nod of approval. Tom goes to the pony dealership and gets two of the ponies. He ends up covered in paint himself and walks with a paint bucket on his foot. Tom leaves the zoo, dressed up like a peacock and carrying the chameleon outfit. He takes it to Sally, who gives Tom the Belchian chocolate. Tom slams the chocolate down on Gimme’s counter.]

Tom: Here’s your ill-begotten chocolate!

Gimmie: Not “begotten”, Belchan. You don’t appreciate chocolate after all, me thinks.

Tom: N-no, I do!

Gimmie: It was joke. You need lighten up. Here shoes.

[Tom takes the shoes and gives them to Melissa.]

Tom: Here’s… the shoes.

Melissa: Thank you a lot, Mr. Tom. Going to Gimmie’s myself would just be too far out of my way, you know.

Tom: Y-yeah. Anything to do a good deed.

Melissa: Indeed.

[She laughs. Then the lights get a little bit more sinister.]

Melissa: One down. 99 to go.

[The camera irises out on how dumbfounded Tom is.]